THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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BE STRONG.

Be strong to hope, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O heart of mine,
Look towards the light!

Be strong to bear, O heart!
Nothing is vain;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain;
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to love, O heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

—Adelaide Proctor.

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The gambling passion not only robs men of their fortunes, but demoralizes their minds. It unfits its victims for the common duties of ordinary life. It over-stimulates the brain and the imagination, until, after awhile, work—honest, hard, practical work—has for the gambler's diseased mind, the same kind of repulsion that a glass of rich dairy milk has for the inflamed throat of a chronic drunkard, or the sight of a clear, cool stream of water for the bloodshot eye of a mad dog, whose tongue and mouth are covered with the white foam of fatal hydrophobia.

At a recent gathering of the city pastors of St. Louis, the Rev. Dr. Nicolls of the Second Presbyterian church, referred pleasantly to the years ago when he knew the Union Methodist Episcopal church of that city, which he said was "a tiny, little thing, crying 'Hallelujah!' in its cradle, and saying 'Amen!' to whatever its pastor said."

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A Happy Accident.

The caliph Hassan being at table, a slave accidentally dropped a dish of meat, which being very hot severely burned the caliph. The slave, in great fear, instantly fell on his knees before his master and repeated these words of the Koran:

"Paradise is for those who restrain their anger."

"I am not angry with thee," replied the caliph.

"And for those who forgive offenses," continued the slave.

"I forgive thee," added the caliph.

"But above all for those who return good for evil," said the slave.

"I set thee at liberty," rejoined the caliph, "and give thee ten pounds with which to begin thy life of freedom."

The Jubilee Year.

All young men who contemplate joining the Young Men's Christian Association should not fail to do so immediately. They should record their names before the end of the year, so as to be among the membership of the great Jubilee Year of the institution.

You are not very holy if you are not very kind.—Andrew Bonar.

The six-year-old daughter of a certain naval officer was unconsciously ludicrous the other day. The child was sewing, when her older sister asked, "Why don't you use a pattern?" The little miss replied with a dignity greater than her knowledge: "I don't need a pattern. I sew by ear."

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, December 3, 1903

SOME ASTOUNDING UTTERANCES BY A SAN FRANCISCO PREACHER.

A few Sundays ago there was given in the Second Unitarian Church of this city a sermon on the subject, "Does the Christian Church Need Miracles?" Report thereof was made at considerable length in the "Chronicle." Inasmuch as no contradiction has been made of that report, it must be taken for granted that it was, in its essential features, correct. However, one paragraph contains statements so remarkably absurd that it does not seem possible that any really intelligent and sensible man of today could have made them.

The preacher, the Rev. Jay William Hudson, was of opinion that the Christian church does not need miracles, and the tenor of his discourse was that there never had been any in any age of the world. This, from a Unitarian minister, is of course not remarkable. The very remarkable is found in the following paragraph from the report:

"I am glad there are no miracles. Were there, I would have no assurance that the ocean might not rise out of its bed at any time and sweep over the city of San Francisco. Were there miracles, why should the drunkard reform? For God might, by a special decree, make him a whole man again. If there were miracles, why try to be honest? For I might, in spite of all my own efforts, find myself behind the prison bars before nightfall. Despite all attempts at right living, I might go to jail anyhow."

This absurd declaration utterly ignores the nature and purpose of miracles. A miracle is not an irrational or capricious act of God; it is an act of wisdom and of love, performed always in accordance with the immutable laws of God's being; and it is for a religious purpose, for the spiritual necessities of man.

Some of the best thoughts ever written on the subject of miracles are found in an article on that subject in a volume of addresses or sermons on "The Living Christ," by the Rev. Geeorge H. Ide, D.D., and published a few weeks ago by the Pilgrim Press of Boston. We quote a paragraph:

"Professor Huxley once criticised a belief in miracles by saying: 'If we were told that, many years ago, a centaur was seen trotting down Piccadilly in London, it would simply be incredible, and no one ought to believe it!' Huxley was right; no one ought to believe such a story. Why? Because it was connected with nothing, and led to nothing. What bearing had a centaur, trotting down Piccadilly, on the moral and spiritual welfare of man? The very idea of Christianity is, that God is revealing himself to man, and if any miraculous event occurs, it will have this end in view. The miracle must fit into the system by which God is making himself known to men, and be harmonious with it, and be seen to further the aim of the system, in order to justify a belief in it. Miracles, apart from the system with which they are connected, would be empty and worthless; but when they become a fitting complement and setting in the system, they are a part of a worthy and magnificent whole."

With these thoughts in mind, remembering also that a miracle is an act of wisdom and love, performed in accordance with the immutable laws of God's being, and for a religious purpose, consider now the declarations of the Rev. Jay William Hudson.

What does he say? This for one thing: "If there were miracles, why try to be honest? For I might, in spite of all my own efforts, find myself behind the prison bars before nightfall. Despite all attempts at right living, I might go to jail anyhow."

Any man who says such a thing deliberately is guilty of blasphemy; he insults God. "But," exclaims some reader, "you forget that this man says that there are no miracles; and how can he, then, blaspheme or insult God?" Notice that he says, "If there were miracles," and then proceeds to state what the conditions would be under such a system. He says plainly that if miracles were possible, God is a being who not only might, but in all probability would, put a man behind the prison bars despite every effort on his part to do the right. His question is: "If there were miracles why try to be honest?" In this is the assertion that with miracles possible it would not be of any use for one to try to be honest. He does not mean that there would not be any incentive to honesty, for he proceeds to say that "despite all attempts at right living," he might bring up in jail. The whole thing is simply monstrous. One can admit the possibility, even the probability and the actual occurrence of miracles, without any change of his ideas as to the moral character of the being performing them.

So astounding are these utterances, that we could not entertain for an instant the thought of them having come from any rational mind, were it not for the fact that, though reported several weeks ago in a daily paper which is read by several hundred thousand people, they have never had denial. The gospel is proclaimed (and denied also) today through the

press as well as from the pulpit; and men are accountable not only for what they say but also for what they allow the papers to report them as having said. Upon a large number of people the influence is no different in the one case from what it is in the other.

Consider now the following utterance: "Were there miracles why should the drunkard reform? For God might, by a special decree, make him a whole man again."

But every well-informed person knows that God doesn't work that way,—that men have something to do in their own reformation. It is with the drunkard as it is with any other sinner. God cannot compel any one to love and serve him. That which is forced is not love.

The other declaration by this preacher is that if there were miracles he would have "no assurance that the ocean might not rise out of its bed at any time and sweep over San Francisco."

Nor does he have any such assurance without miracles. Such an occurrence is possible. The records of history contain accounts of many events no more improbable than this. But it is no more likely to occur with miracles than without them.

Another statement in this sermon which demands attention is the one that a miracle is a violation or breaking of natural law. Such is not, however, the teaching of the Christian church to-day. The belief is that a miracle is neither a suspension nor a violation of natural law. Here is a definition which is at least twenty years old: "A miracle is an event palpable to the senses, produced for a religious purpose by the immediate agency of God; an event, therefore, which, though not contravening any law of nature, the laws of nature, if fully known, would not be competent to explain." Here is a yet simpler definition: "A natural event is one that takes place according to the order of nature as we understand it; and a miraculous event is one that is a departure from the order of nature as we understand it."

But the puerile reasoning which this preacher is reported to have made, aside, "Does the Christian church really need miracles?" We believe that it does It does not need their performance to-day, of course; but it does need belief in them as recorded in the Bible.

Christian evidence is cumulative; the twentieth century evidence of Christianity is stronger than that of the earlier centuries; the evidence of miracles is not emphasized as it once was, for miracles do not stand alone as evidences. But in the beginning they were Christianity's chief credential; almost, it might be said, her only credential. On belief in the resurrection of Jesus, the crowning miracle, was laid the foundation of the Christian church. From the time that God began to reveal himself supernaturally to man, they have marked every great epoch of that revelation. In the words of Henry Ward Beecher, they have been "the midwives of great moral truths; candles lit before the dawn, but put out after the sun has risen."

To believe in the miracles of Jesus ought not to be difficult. It ought to be easy. It would be strange if he who spoke as never man had spoken, who lived what the world calls a spotless, a God-like life,—strange, indeed, if he, the matchless character, had not done something far beyond the ordinary. And surely a being of infinite power, one who could set the universe in motion, could so arrange it that he could, without contravention of law, work a miracle. For the maker of the machine to lay hold and cause the machine to do just what it was intended to do, is not to smash it.

THE HUMILIATION OF CHRIST.

Paul says that Christ Jesus, existing in the form of God, for the sake of sinful men humbled himself. Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist? The Catechism answers, "Christ's humiliation consisted in his being born, and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross; in being buried, and continuing under the power of death for a time." In a general sense, Christ's humiliation consisted in his laying aside the glory which he had with the Father from the beginning (Jno. xvii: 5). This humiliation was purely voluntary, caused by love for lost humanity. Consider this marvelous love of "our Lord Jesus Christ, who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." He in whom all things consist was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. He the Lord and the lawgiver of heaven and earth became subject to the law which he had given for inferior creatures. He whom angels served in glory drank every cup of misery which is mixed for men in this life, save that of sin; and against sin he strove, resisting unto blood (Heb. xii: 4.) The beloved Son of God had to endure the wrath of God upon him, as he stood in place of the lost, until there was wrung from him that dreadful cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And then his life of suffering and sorrow was closed by a death of shame upon the cursed cross (Gal. iii: 13). The precious body of the Savior was laid in the tomb, and for a time he was numbered with the dead. All this is meant by Paul's exclamation of adoring wonder, "the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me." Does not a consideration of the humiliation of Christ teach us these four things? (1) The awfulness of sin, which made such a sacrifice necessary. (2) The wonderful love of God, which made the sacrifice possible. (3) That Christ's disciples should be men of humility (Phil. ii: 5). (4)

That suffering, often the will of God for us, should be borne patiently (Rev. i:9).

A STORY OF SEVENTY YEARS.

Judging from excerpts in Eastern papers, Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years," is a most interesting and valuable contribution to the political history of the last half of the nineteenth century. We give a few paragraphs. Undoubtedly the two volumes will soon be on the shelves of our public libraries:

An Estimate of Blaine.

"James G. Blaine was a man of many faults and many infirmities. But his life is a part of the history of his country. It will be better for his reputation that the chapter of that history which relates to him shall be written by a historian with a full and clear sense of those faults and infirmities, concealing nothing, and extenuating nothing. But, also, let him set naught down in malice. Mr. Blaine was a brilliant and noble man, lovable, patriotic, far-seeing, kind. He acted in a great way under great responsibilities. He was wise and prudent when wisdom and prudence were demanded. If he had attained to the supreme object of his ambition and reached the goal of the Presidency, if his life had been spared to complete his term, it would have been a most honorable period, in my opinion, in the history of the country. No man has lived in this country since Daniel Webster died, save McKinley alone, who had so large a number of devoted friends and admirers in all parts of the country."

Reconstruction.

"It was the desire of many Republican leaders, especially of Mr. Sumner and General Grant, that there should be a provision at the national charge for the education of all the citizens in the Southern States, black and white, so far as the States were unable or unwilling to afford it, such as had been provided for in the States of the North for all their citizens. It was never contemplated by them to give the right to vote to a large number of illiterate citizens, without ample provision for their education at the public charge. General Grant accompanied his official announcement to Congress of the adoption of the fifteenth amendment, with an earnest recommendation of such a provision. Earnest efforts were made to accomplish this result by liberal grants from the national treasury. Many liberal and patriotic Southern Democrats supported it. But it was defeated by the timidity or mistaken notions of economy of Northern statesmen. In my opinion, this defeat accounts for the failure of the policy of reconstruction, so far as it has failed. I do not believe that self-government with universal suffrage could be maintained long in any Northern State, or in any country in the world, without ample provision for public education."

Mr. Hoar discusses the negro problem of to-day, and declares that reconstruction has not been a failure. He says in this connection: "Let us not be in a hurry. Evils, if they be evils, which have existed from the foundation of the world, are not to be cured in the lifetime of a single man. The men of the day of reconstruction were controlled by the irresistible logic of events;—by a power higher than their own. I could see no alternative then, and I see no alternative now, better than that which was adopted."

Tribute to Senator Vest.

Among the tributes to his colleagues are many to men of different political belief, several of them from the South. Of Senator Vest, he says:

"No list of the remarkable senators of my time could be complete which did not contain the name of Senator Vest, of Missouri. He was not a very frequent speaker, and never spoke at great length. But his oratorical powers are of a very high order. On some few occasions he has made speeches, always speaking without notes, and I suppose without previous preparation, so far as expression and style go, which have very deeply moved the Senate, though made up of men who have been accustomed to oratory and not easily stirred to emotion. Mr. Vest is a brave, sincere, spirited and straightforward man. He has a good many of the prejudices of the old Southern secessionist. I think those prejudices would long ago have melted away in the sunshine of our day of returning good feeling and affection, but for the fact that his chivalrous nature will not permit him to abandon a cause or an opinion to which he has once adhered, while it is unpopular. These things, however, are never uttered offensively. He is like some old cavalier who supported the Stuarts, who lived down into the days of the House of Hanover, but still toasted the king over the water."

Concerning General Butler.

Of General Benjamin F. Butler, Senator Hoar writes at considerable length. In general, he regards his military career as disgraceful to himself and unfortunate to his country. The only exception is the New Orleans war administration. We quote as follows:

"No person can adequately comprehend the political history of Massachusetts for the thirty-five years beginning with 1850 without a knowledge of the character, career and behavior of Benjamin F. Butler. It is of course disagreeable, and in most cases it would seem unmanly to speak harshly of a political antagonist who is dead. In the presence of the great reconciler, Death, ordinary human contentions and angers should be hushed. But if there be such a thing in the universe as a moral law, if the distinction between right and wrong be other than fancy or dream, the difference between General Butler and the men who contended with him belong not to this life alone. It relates to matters more permanent than human life. It enters into the fate of republics, and will endure after the fashion of this world passeth away.

"I cannot tell the story of my life at a most important period without putting on record my estimate of him, and the nature of his influence over the youth of the Commonwealth. Besides, it is to be remembered that he took special pains to write and to leave behind a book in which he engaged and bitterly attacked some of the men who thwarted his ambitions. This book he sent to public libraries, including that of the British Museum, where he had good reason to expect it would be permanently preserved. I shall say nothing of him which I did not say in public speeches or published letters while he was living and in the fullness of his strength, activity and power. History deals with Benedict Arnold, with Aaron Burr, with the evil counsellors of Charles I and Charles II, with Robespierre, with Barere, and with Catiline, upon their merits, and draws from their lives examples, or warnings, without considering the fact that they are dead. This, especially, is a duty to be performed fearlessly, though with due caution, when it is proposed in some quarters to erect monuments or statues to such

men for the admiration of the youth of future generations."

In considering Butler's career after the war, Senator Hoar says :

"I repeat what I said of General Butler in his lifetime, when he was at the height of his power, with a full knowledge of his vindictive character, that the success of his attempt to use and consolidate the political forces of Massachusetts would have been the corruption of her youth, the destruction of everything valuable in her character, and the establishment at the mouth of the Charles River of another New York, with its frauds, Tweed rings and scandals."

Praise of Sheridan.

Senator Hoar tells of a brilliant dinner, attended by many noted men, at which General Grant paid the highest tribute to General Phil. Sheridan. Commodore Alden had said that he disliked a subordinate who always obeyed orders. Then Grant, who was President then, remarked: There is a good deal of truth in what you say, Commodore." And he continued :

"One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some despatches from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels, and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisiions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men. I issued to them the same provisions which Lee would have got off."

The Senator says, concerning this remark by Grant: "I listened with wonder at the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his own brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan."

TO-DAY.

Rev. E. L. House, D.D.

We only begin to live in any true and satisfactory sense when we have learned to take each day by itself and to use it as if it were our last, and, indeed, as if it were our all. Life is a mosaic, a large work shaping on the wall or in the dome of some vast cathedral which eye hath not seen; and it can only be effectually wrought, if, with minute and concentrated care, the little piece of colored glass which we call To-day is duly fixed into its bedding and fitted exactly to its immediate neighbors.

"Why do you work with such intensity?" the great artist was once asked. "Because I work for eternity," was the answer. And that is why each day is of such importance; that is why each day demands all our thought and care. Eternity is made up of days, and the present day is all the eternity we have.

To-day is the only king we have. Yesterday is his counsellor; to-morrow is his heir expectant. To-morrow songs are sweeter, tasks less irksome, rewards greater. To-morrow is robed in purple, to-day in humble guise. We ovelook and despise to-day as plain and commonplace, yet his are the crown and scepter, his the seal and signet. To-day we are kings, to-morrow some one else may be king. Everywhere the doors are wide open; everywhere around us the fields are white to the harvest; everywhere are beckoning hands from all sides calling us to come to service. Our principles are being put to the proof. When a thing has to be done, to-day is usually the best time for setting about it. At the moment of consideration, the morrow may seem less occupied, but when it comes it is almost sure to bring its own tasks. One of the saddest and yet most common confessions is, "I meant to take that step, to climb that height, to gain that appointment ; and everything promised well—there was no hurry. But for want of decision, I have missed the goal." This is not Kingly. Kingly To-day is obedience, Now.

THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF LORD BACON.

By Rev. Chas. G. Paterson.

The mental gifts and intellectual attainments of Lord Bacon are known by any man who know the man at all. At thirteen he martriculated at Cambridge. At twenty-eight he was made Consul Extraordinary to Queen Elizabeth. Thence he rose rapidly to the height of worldly greatness, from which he was pulled down by the clutches of envy and malignity. In a paper to the king he wrote, "With respect to this charge of bribery, I am as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's Day." Being the founder of modern philosophy, and one whose fame has filled the world, how delightful is the modesty that led him to say of his work, "I have only taken upon me to ring a bell to call other wits together." With him genius largely consisted in the capacity for taking pains. Twelve times did he revise his Novum Organum, before he would let the printer have it. Of his gifts as an orator, Ben Jonson has written these familiar words, "The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end." The father of modern philosophy, a pioneer in modern science, profoundly learned in the law, and a power in oratory, this man has always made a strong appeal to cultivated minds.

But there is another side to Francis Bacon. His religious character is a bright example, and an inspiration. In the first place, this great high-priest of reason bowed before revelation, that, in other things he bade defiance to the tradition of ages and led men into the liberty that he demanded for himself, he still returned to sit with reverent spirit before the word of God, and never ceased to let it be known that he was a disciple of Jesus Christ. How beautiful was his prayer that "from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, nothing of incredulity or intellectual night may arise towards divine mysteries." Lord Bacon accepted the whole Bible as his rule of faith and practice. All of its doctrines and ordinances he heartily received. But he was especially attracted by the doctrine of the Trinity, and particularly in its bearing on the exclusiveness of Christ as the only way of access to the Father. Our Savior he adored, honored and magnified as Deity.

That Bacon was conscious both of his weakness and of God's goodness, is seen in this prayer of his: "Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal on thine altar." In the time when he was deeply wronged his spirit was kept humble and sweet by two things. The first was his searching and

pondering of the Scriptures. A book has been published giving thoughts on over four hundred Bible texts gathered from his various writings. Addressing the Lord, he said: "Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more." It is no wonder that what so occupied his heart and mind should often come from his pen. His second source of strength was his habit of prayer. Is it not refreshing to think of this philosopher and courtier upon his knees in prayer, not to an earthly sovereign for some gift of State, but to the King of heaven, beseeching the gifts of the Spirit? After the death of Lord Bacon, the first clause of his will was found to be this: "I bequeath my soul and body into the hands of God by the blessed oblation of my Savior; the one at the time of my dissolution, the other at the time of my resurrection."

This is one of Bacon's prayers; let it speak for the man: "Inflame our hearts with thy love; cast forth of them that displeaseth thee, all infidelity, hardness of heart, profaneness, hypocrisy, contempt of thy holy word and ordinances, all uncleanness, and whatsoever advanceth itself in opposition to thy holy will. And grant that henceforth, through thy grace, we may be able to lead a godly, holy, sober, and Christian life, in true sincerity and uprightness of heart before thee. To this end, plant thy holy fear in our hearts, grant that it may never depart from before our eyes, but continually guide our feet in the paths of thy righteousness, and in the ways of thy commandments: increase our weak faith, grant that it may daily bring forth the fruits of unfeigned repentance; that by the power of the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ we may daily die unto sin, and by the power of his resurrection we may be quickened, and, raised up to newness of life, may truly be born anew, and may be effectually made partakers of the first resurrection, that then the second death may never have dominion over us."

PITIABLE CONDITION OF THE PIMA INDIANS.

By General Charles H. Howard.

The appeal of the Pima Indians of Arizona comes through persons who are familiar with the facts of the situation. While we are endeavoring to establish new industries and to develop others in which the Indians have long shown traditional skill, and while we advocate allotments of land and the teaching of the Indians in herding and practical farming, shall we not raise our voices to prevent the destruction of Indian industry? For a hundred years and more, if we can trust the records, and certainly for more than fifty years since they became known to white men, the Pimas have been an agricultural people. They raised wheat enough for their own needs and sold large quantities to the Popagoes and other tribes, and to white settlers.

White settlers came in above them on the Gila river and robbed them of their water for irrigation. Within a few years the government has been compelled to issue rations to these people to prevent starvation. During the past year, families among them have been found in a starving condition. As their faithful missionary puts the case: "The once fertile fields are grown over with sage brush and Mesquite wood." Where these 3,000 Indians once raised 8,000,000 pounds or more of wheat, they now raise but a little over one million pounds.

The government officials know these facts. One large appropriation was made from which the Pimas expected half, but the money was expended on a river in that part of Arizona, but not so as to afford the Indians any water. This looked like another robbery, in defrauding them of the relief they and their friends had been led to hope for. Year after year has gone by, appeals have come up incessantly to the Mohonk Conference, the Indian Bureau has investigated, and found one difficulty after another in the way, and absolutely no help has come to this people to enable them to go back to their old avocation and to self-support.

These Indians do not need foremen to teach them agriculture, or to set them an example of work. They do not need the army for police. They have always been friendly to the whites. The Pimas have often helped the white man to fight the hostile Apaches. They have never been a vicious people. Their children are all in the schools, and our missionaries count 1,200 adult members of our Protestant churches and 1,000 baptized children, besides, perhaps, an equal number of Catholics.

With facts like these before us, shall these worthy Indians be forced back into idleness and pauperism by reason of the depredations of white citizens of the United States upon their water supply, and will the government of the United States afford no relief?

With this reference in mere outline to the condition of the Pimas, we ask that the attention of the officers of the Indian Department be again directed to their crying need and that the proper committee of the Congress of the United States be made acquainted with the facts, and that wells and pumping apparatus be provided, or some measure of immediate relief, and that the preparation of a more adequate storage of water to meet the wants of these Indians, and perhaps a larger area for future settlement be thoroughly investigated.

THE SELF-PROPAGATING POWER OF SIN.

J. H. Harwood.

A new and terrible phase of sin has been revealed to me by recent experiences. I have, during the past two years, traveled over a large extent of our country — from California to Missouri, making extended stops at several places. Then South to Louisiana, staying nearly a year at different points, and since then, visiting several localities in California. On various occasions I was unknown and thrown in with a considerable company of men only. The language heard was a revelation to me of the condition of multitudes of what are called the working class of the people. Profanity was universal, and vulgarity unrestrained. In each case one or two were leaders in the "vile" talk, but there seemed little difference in the profanity; and they were not all young men, but men also in middle life, and some old men. There was much personal talk, and there was one application applied to every one of whom they made remarks.

Everyone was called by a vile name, whether friend or enemy. Nothing was simply good or bad; no adjective or adverb was sufficient of itself. Every one was preceded with a curse, and then the heavy oaths, —the awful oaths poured forth without shame or restraint.

From what I have seen of men working together

in groups, not only in the cities and towns, but in the country, where the farmers and farmers' sons and farmhands gather for any purpose, the same thing is true. From my varied experience and observation, I am convinced that these facts are almost universal.

But the mere fact is not the most terrible thing in this business, terrible as it is. For two or three days, in each case, after the experience of which I speak, these oaths echoed in my mind. They were ever present with me. I could hear them in every form with which I had been familiarized—sometimes almost as plainly as if they had been spoken. But that was not all, nor the worst; but I continually found myself thinking in oaths. I, who had never spoken a profane word in my life, and could not have been surprised or angered into speaking one, was mingling them involuntarily and against my will, in the unspoken words passing through my mind. This experience has put an entirely new phase on the question of the propagation of this heaven-defying vice among men, among the boys and young men, who must mingle with the world, and among the older men also, who have no settled religious principle. It is like a contagion. It forces its way. It propagates itself, unless a definite, determined and constant battle is waged against it.

The boys who go out into the world do not have to learn to swear. After a little it comes naturally. It swears itself. It is implanted in them by contact. It is incorporated in their thought by continual impress, and they express their thought in that form, without thinking and without intuition. This does not lessen its guiltiness any more than Canada thistles are made innocuous because blown over into your field from a careless neighbor's field. But the fact should awaken greater interest and effort against this sin than exists. The papers are calling for boys, boys, boys.

Every store wants boys. The demand can hardly be supplied, and the streets in the early morning in our cities are filled with boys on their way, not to school, but to business, and they are everywhere thrown into the company of workingmen. Parents should understand the situation and keep the boys at home and in school as long as they can. They should carefully select the positions to which they commit their sons. They should instruct their children as to the awful guilt of this sin. Ministers and teachers should fortify the young against it. Pledge the boys against it as we do against the saloon. And besides all this, there are in all our States laws against profanity. I believe these laws should be enforced, not so much as a punishment for a crime, but as a protection for those who would involuntarily become victims of this, the most impious, and one of the most demoralizing habits that exist.

Of course, people would deride a movement of that sort in its beginning, but they need to be educated to a sense of the harm of this thing. If good people would insist on the execution of these laws, it would change the public sentiment and break up the habit and protect the young.

BOOK REVIEW.

"From Glory to Glory; or, The Christian's Ministry," by Maria Lydia Winkler; Beth-Hanan. Dempster Bros., 35 Glen Park Avenue, San Francisco. This is a book growing out of a strange religious experience. It contains over 300 pages, and is an exhaustive treatment of the glory of God.

It is an ecstasy, rather than an argument, an experience of a soul, rather than an exposition of scripture, the story of suffering, rather than a definition of a divine attribute.

The broad range given to the meaning of the term "glory," permits the authoress to say many things on a great variety of topics. Jesus, Moses, and the Christian are treated as reflectors of the glory of God. Perhaps the most helpful portions of the book have to do with the paths to glory, through affliction and well-doing. The book is sometimes discursive, always devotional, but often indulges in religious reverie. It is a series of meditations upon the great duties and experiences of life, and as such, will be helpful to those who wish to come in touch with the higher life. There is no new discovery, no new truth in the book, only a reiteration of old facts conceived anew by a beautiful spirit and received in the fires of a soul's enthusiasms.

The Rev. George C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church, has written a brief introductory word. Price, $1.50.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The gentle rain falling when I left the Bay region did not follow me to the Southland, and from present appearances, it would seem as if the clouds are never to weep. Needful as the moisture is the people are not complaining, but pursuing the even tenor of their way, so greatly occupied with business or pleasure as not to take much notice of what atmospheric signs of the times are.

For uninterrupted building of beautiful homes and fine business blocks, Los Angeles has no rival—at least on the Pacific Coast. Since the autumn opened the writer has visited every one of our important cities and as prosperous and aggressive as they all are, this metropolis of the South certainly takes the lead. One business block has climbed to the twelfth story and it will not be surprising if ere long one or more sky-scrapers will appear. In every direction houses are in process of erection—most of them being occupied as soon as built—the population reaching, it is claimed, 140,000. Unless growth is more rapid on the east side of San Francisco bay and the various muncipalities consolidate into one, the second largest city will remain south of Tehachapi. One cannot but wonder what all the people are doing, but those best informed speak of business as expanding, and new avenues of profitable investment continually opening. The sub-urban electric systems connecting the adjacent towns with the metropolis are carrying great crowds of people, to the advantage of the center as well as of the circumference. Comfort, safety and speed characterize the service, and some towns as distant as Haywards from San Francisco are brought within forty minutes of the metropolis. Long Beach, growing rapidly, 21 miles distant, has a quarterly hour service, cars running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the flyer night and morning making better time.

B. Fay Mills has been in the South. Coming to San Diego he was given a hearing and during four weeks expounded the gospel as he understands it. Large crowds gathered to hear him. He has also been at Long Beach, and on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 15th, spoke in Los Angeles. The papers claimed 5,000 people listened to him in Hazard Pavilion, the same

auditorium in which he spoke twelve years ago. The number was not so large. The writer estimated between 2,500 and 3,000, main floor and first gallery being full. A fine audience, fully one-half men, the majority apparently in sympathy with Mr. Mills. The platform had fewer sympathizers than in former days, but several of the clergy were there, among them six Congregational pastors. Mr. Mills theme was "The Religion of the Twentieth Century," and while claiming it would not differ from the religion of the first century he emphasized three characteristics—a religion of Learning, of Labor, of Love. He felt the spiritual world very near, and that we are on the eve of the greatest spiritual manifestation the world has ever experienced. We are coming more and more to appreciate that honest and honorable work is co-operation with God, and the spirit of unselfish love in all our relations, family, social, political, industrial, will bring the much desired millenium.

Taking the address as a whole there was little to which the most conservative could find exception, and if Mr. Mills can draw such numbers to hear him, sermons like that of Sunday will be an inspiration to them. What surprised the writer was that there was so little to alarm, and if Mr. Mills fails to secure a hearing in San Francisco and Oakland, may it not be that such a message as the above is given in our churches?

Since penning the foregoing the writer has been in San Diego and together with a brother beloved listened to Mr. Mills on a week night, the audience of nearly one thousand filling Unity Hall. "The Inner Meaning of the Sermon on the Mount" was his theme, and the address emphasized the literal fulfillment of the precepts there given, thus bringing gladness to the soul, thus advancing the righteousness for which Jesus lived and for which he died. In what he said there was little to criticise, much to approve. But in the hymns which Mr. Mills has prepared for his meetings, using some of the familiar tunes, there seems to be a decided descent. Here is an illustration. Instead of "The Light of the World is Jesus" we heard: "The Hope of the World is Loving." Brethren better informed than myself speak of Mr. Mills as neglecting some of the fundamentals, and object to him rather for what he omits than for what he emphasizes. So much did this impress Dr. Brown of the First Congregational church that he deemed it wise on a recent Sunday evening to call attention thereto, much to the satisfaction of some of his leading men. Dr. Brown, it is fair to say, is not an ultra-conservative, and those knowing him best appreciate his freedom from the controversial spirit, hence his criticism of Mr. Mills will have the more weight.

If to any the seeming success of this former orthodox evangelist is alarming, let me add that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of New York, chairman of the evangelistic committee of the Presbyterian Assembly, is soon expected in San Diego. On the eve of Thanksgiving the several churches are to forego the usual prayer-meeting and join in a union service in the Presbyterian church preparatory to the campaign which it is expected Dr. Chapman will conduct. There seems to be a hearty unanimity on the part of the churches in undertaking such an effort and the hope is great results will follow. While this delightful city by the southwestern sea is never spoken of as "wicked beyond all the cities of the West," there is, so it is said, much to detract from the truth as it is in Christ. Nearly every cult under heaven has its representatives there, and need is that they with others be awakened to the life "hid with Christ in God." If by the ordinary methods of the churches such a harvest cannot be gathered as ought to be, the workers welcome some reaper or reapers from abroad and pray that his coming may be after the mind and will of God.

En route to San Diego Dr. Chapman visited Los Angeles, speaking Monday morning to the ministers of the city and vicinity, a goodly number of men. Having recently been in San Jose and Fresno Dr. Chapman reported interesting meetings and emphasized his conviction that the Pacific Coast is ripe for a great work of grace. The special theme for the morning was "Evangelism," and this the speaker said is not a new, but the old evangelism—the only kind needed today. Such effort magnifies Christ, and unless the workers are loyal to the foundation the superstructure will be of little value. The audience was evidently in sympathy with him, and if the atmosphere of the meeting be an indication there is reason to hope for good work in this metropolis.

Congregationalism in the South is flourishing. Pomona College, the child of the churches was never more prosperous, and the churches in their individual life have much to encourage. The First, Los Angeles, now in its handsome new home, has never been so well equipped for vigorous growth and effective service in behalf of others. Over on the East Side Brother Forbes preaches to full houses, while Schaefle at Pico, Mallows at Plymouth, Davies at Vernon, and Rowell at Central Ave., find their hands full and their hearts made glad by the promising outlook. Brother Field, now a veteran in work, if not in years, holds faithfully on in the difficult parish of Third church, and Brother Bartlett has something new soon to be realized in his most successful Bethlehem work—our only strictly Institutional church on the Coast. Olivet, about which there was not a little concern, is taking on new life under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Boller, recently of Cleveland. Over in Pasadena Mr. Staats has just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a minister of Jesus Christ, while Brother Emerson is being so abundantly blessed that the house is not sufficiently large and his people are rising up to build. And as if this were not enough to cheer the Congregational clan, the First church is planning to move to a central location. Not all of the congregation will go. Some feel that their place is at the old site, and so the majority yields the plant for $10,000, by some estimated to be worth nearly twice that amount, and under the leadership of Dr. Meredith hopes to be instrumental in laying the foundation of what will some day be a large central church, built up in part by the incoming Congregationalists, so many of whom these several years, have preferred to cast their lot with the Presbyterians. In San Diego Dr. Brown is in splendid manner rallying our forces, the church among other things rejoicing in soon having in place a $3,600 pipe organ, and his neighbor, Mr. Abbott, takes delight, despite of removals due to lack of moisture, in ministering to the most southerly of all our Coast churches, that at Chula Vista.

And what shall I say more! Time fails to tell of Pomona and Riverside and Redlands, of Corona and Santa Ana and Claremont, of Ventura, Saticoy and Santa Barbara, of the several smaller fields with pastors no less faithful than those already mentioned, suffice it to say, what is already known, that the Southland has a worthy body of leaders—workmen needing not to be ashamed. And these with devoted people cooperating, are quietly laboring, in season and out, that

all may be ready for the heavenly blessings—apparently long delayed—which some believe must soon descend upon all those who sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ. H. H. W.

IS THE BIBLE DISPOSED OF?

By David James Burrell, D.D.

[One of the most stimulating books which we have read latterly is "Christ and Progress," by David James Burrell, D.D. We give here a part of the sermon or address on the subject, "Is the Bible Disposed Of?" We omit what he has to say about the anticipations of science by the Bible and what he says about the anticipation of events by the Bible and begin with what he says of the Bible's anticipation of doctrinal truth, ending with the Scriptural anticipations of human needs.—Editor.]

The Bible alone of all the so-called sacred books yields a "system" of theology. The oldest of Christian symbols is the Apostles' Creed, the origin of which though not definitely known, could not have been later than the period succeeding the Apostolic Age. It is a noteworthy fact that in this historic creed we have a compendium of practically all the doctrines of the Christian faith. For eighteen centuries the controversialists have been discussing its propositions; but they have not added to it a single doctrine nor subtracted a single doctrine from it. Its two fundamental truths are God, the Father, and the incarnation of God in the person of Jesus Christ for the salvation of men.

As to the Fatherhood of God the world responds and will ever respond, Yea and Amen. The suggestion that he is force or energy or any other impersonal thing will never touch the heart and conscience of the race. We must have a God who has eves to see, a heart to pity and an omnipotent arm to help us. It is quite safe to assert that, however this truth may be antagonized from time to time, the world will never outlive or supplant it.

As to Christ, the Incarnation of God, he has come down through history, a Figure of more and more commanding influence from age to age. The testimony of his contemporaries, "Never man spake like this man," is the intensified conviction of our time. All the investigations of philosophers, with all the contradictions of his enemies, have not dimmed the sublime import of his teaching nor proven the falsity of a single word that ever fell from his lips. It is with these words of Jesus as with atoms of oxygen, of which Huxley says, "It matters not into how many myriad substances—animal, plant and mineral—an atom of oxygen may have entered, nor what isolation it may have undergone, bond or free, it retains its own qualities. It matters not how many millions of years may have elapsed during these changes, age cannot weaken or wither it. Ami! the fierce play of the mighty agencies to which it has been subjected it remains unbroken and unworn."

Thus, I say, it is with the words of the great Teacher; in passing through the stupendous test of the centuries, they have undergone no change. They touch human life at every point in its circumference and formulate every truth which stands as demonstrated in the spiritual realm. All the discoveries of philosophy have not produced a single additional truth; they have merely thrown new light upon the teachings of Christ. Every doctrine which has been advanced, from time to time, in opposition to this teaching, has been pronounced a heresy and inevitably demonstrated to be false by the stern logic of events. No new theology has thus far been able to vindicate itself; its only hope of vindication, in the clear light of history, being in its final adjustment to the doctrinal system of him who said, "I am the truth."

It remains to consider the scriptural anticipations of human need, as illustrated in the practical life and experience of nations and men.

In the teachings of the Book there are two great principles which underlie all permanent national life, to wit, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The word which Paul uttered on Mars' Hill did but echo the teachings of the Old Testament and the later words of Jesus: "The God whose offspring we are hath made of one blood all nations of men."

In pursuance of these principles we are not surprised to find that the laws and jurisprudence of the civilized nations are modelled afer the pattern given in the Mount. The laws regulating our domestic, social, civil and industrial life get their original suggestion from the Mosaic code. The theocracy of Israel was an ideal form of government, a premature Utopia, but destined to be re-established in the Golden Age.

It is sometimes affirmed, as an objection to the Scriptures, that there are portions which cannot be read aloud. It is true; but this is an argument in their favor; since they were not written to be read aloud but to regulate all human life. There are things occurring in every civil court which cannot be proclaimed on the housetops. There are surgical operations in every hospital, necessary and helpful, which it would not be well to perform before the public eyes. The Bible is intended to be a perfect system of moral pathology and therapeutics. It anticipates all public crimes and private vices, and deals heroically with them. On its positive side it favors every benevolent form of enterprise; it furnishes a stable basis for schools and hospitals and reformatories. The world's welfare is all within its pages; the secret of true civilization is here. The wise enactments of all parliaments, the primal form of Magna Charta, the salutary decisions of all honest courts—these are here. As the Angel Muriel, in Paradise Lost, is said to have descended to earth in a sunbeam, so has the religion of this Wondrous Book come down with all the blessings of civilization to the children of men.

And above all it is adjusted to the need of individual souls. Ah, here the word of the Lord has been tried in the hottest fires: "The old ha' Bible" lies on the table in the cotter's home, and its truths strike the sweetest note in our domestic life. The sociological problems of our time are being discussed, avowedly, along the lines marked out in Holy Writ, where the keynote ever is "the greatest good of the greatest number, here and always." In our business life we are finding that the teachings of this book make honest and earnest men. In our political life it stands guarantee for an upright administration. In our industrial life it presents the Golden Rule as the great secret for the solution of all the vexed problems of capital and labor. In personal life it stands by a man in the bitter hour of temptation, in the stern discharge of duty, under the heavy burdens of sorrow an in the trying hour of death. Touch it wherever you will, the religion of this book stands the test of experience. It is a religion to live by; it is a religion to die by.

The one pre-eminent fact by which this religion stands or falls is the salvation it offers in Christ crucified. And here again it stands solitary and alone. There are other sacred books and other religions which offer us religious doctrines and ethical codes, but there

is none that answers this question: "What shall a man do to be delivered from the record of a sinful past?"

Coleridge speaks of a man's living:

"As one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows a ghastly fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

This is the grim spectre of the past. He is a brave man who dare, without the gospel of Christ, look over his shoulder. The one consistent and continual call of wisdom in this book of books is, "Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

In view of these facts we may well be confident of the future. The religion which has endured the fierce ordeals of the past will not fail in the coming days. It was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the world was; and it was adjusted, every way, to all the possible progress of the ages. If a new religion were to be invented by the combined wisdom of all living philosophers, it could not add a single truth to the contents of this book of wisdom. All was said here, once for all.

We need not fear the attacks of unbelief. A Spanish frigate lay all night in the Indian ocean, firing broadsides at a craft which loomed up in the distance. Not a shot was returned. The day broke and, lo, yonder a mighty rock rose from the sea. Of what avail were these broadsides? So the religion of the Scriptures, as an impregnable rock, resists, without reply, the attacks of its foes. Our vision is dim, because the smoke of battle is around us; but wait until the day breaks! "The voice said, Cry! And I answered, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever!"

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Going Into Business." By Frank H. Sweet. This is a fine book for the boys. It gives the experiences of a young man who went into business before he was prepared for it, who failed, and who then laid the foundation on which was built later a prosperous career. The book contains many valuable lessons, and will be of interest and value to the boy of twelve and up to twenty. And here, writes one of more than twice twenty years, who has read it with deep interest. [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago; $1.00.]

"A Flame of Fire." By Joseph Hocking. A story of the Spanish Inquisition and the great Armada; interesting, notwithstanding some rather improbable undertakings are set forth. In it there is pictured vividly the life at the time of the Inquisition. Three young men go from England to Toledo, in Spain, to rescue two English-women who are in danger of death at the hands of the inquisitors. Their experiences are thrilling, their courage wonderful. Among the characters depicted are the feeble and superstitious King Philip, the crafty inquisitors, Senior Toledo and Father [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; pages 397.]

"Hewers of Wood." A Story of the Michigan Pine Forests, by William G. Puddefoot and Isaac Ogden Rankin. The reader will turn the pages of this book with unflagging interest. It is one of the best which we have read in a long time. It reminds us of Ralph Conner's stories of life in the lumber camps of Canada. It is a narration of hard experiences, but the story ends well. There is joy at the end for all who are worthy of it, and that is the end desired for everyone in life's training school. The authors have added to the world's good literature. One of the nice features of this story is that it tells of things that might have been. It is, no doubt, founded considerably on fact. [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago; $1.50.]

"The New Era in the Philippines." By Arthur J. Brown, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. This book is an outgrowth both of a study of what others have written and of personal investigation on the field. The author sends it forth with the hope that it may help toward a clearer understanding of the period of transition through which the Islands are now passing, and that it may bring up in bolder relief the basal truth that the real issues now are not so much political and commercial as moral, and that if they are to be settled rightly, it must be with active and prayerful co-operation of the Christian churches. In the 350 pages of this book is crowded much valuable material. The Philippine problem is our problem. Let us become informed. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; $1.25 net.]

"The Living Christ." By George H. Ide, D.D. Dr. Ide was for twenty-two years pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He has long been a man of commanding influence in the ministry. The articles in this volume on "The Living Christ as the Vital Force in Pulpit and Pew," are thoroughly stimulating. We commend them alike to preacher and layman. Mention of some of the subjects will show the scope of the book: A Religion Without a Specialty; The Unseen World; A Neglected Christian Duty; Miracles from the Standpoint of Today; The Power of the Resurrection from the Viewpoint of the Supernatural; Trouble, an Incident in Life to Overcome; The Manhood of Lincoln; The Motherhood of God; An Ever-Expanding Theology. In our leading editorial this week, we quote from one of these articles. [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago; pages 295; $1 net.]

"Christ and Progress." By David James Burrell, D.D. We give elsewhere an extract of some length from this book. It is an able discussion of some of the problems of our times. It pays to read Dr. Burrell's books. This, as well as the volumes by him on "The Wonderful Teacher" and "The Unaccountable Man," are well worth having in one's library. In this new volume, under the general theme of "The Religion of the Fathers," he has articles on: A Mummy on Its Travels; Throwing Things Overboard; and Cutting Down Fruit Trees. He considers also the following subjects: The Bible Disposed of, What Then? The Atonement in Modern Thought; Is Protestantism a Failure? Are Revivals Out of Date? Is the Church Losing Ground? It has been well said concerning Dr. Burrell that he gives men something to think about, and in a way which challenges attention and interest. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; $1.20 net.]

"An Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp." By Paul Griswold Huston. This is a book of the seasons. Its full title is "An Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp, and Other

Dreams of the Woods." The dedication is "To My Mother Who Likes These Papers." So will other mothers like them; but especially will those like them who know something of the woods,—who love nature. The article on "The Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp" begins: "The dark background of the trees is misty and indistinct with innumerable falling snowflakes, and the great trees sway and swing in their majesty and crackle in the strong wind." Other papers are: The Life of Spring-Time; Night in the Woods; Down on the Meadows; Autumnal Days; The Woods in Winter; A Summer Idyl; and The Parables of a Spring Week. This book will make many a city man live over again in memory the years he may have spent in the country in close touch with nature, and will come like a refreshing breeze from field and wood. The language is beautiful, and it is, indeed, a restful book to read. [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; $1.00 net.]

"That Betty." By Harriet Prescott Spofford. One likes to read through at one sitting such a story as this. It lays hold of the heart. Briefly, we can tell our readers what it is by saying that it tells of lives (some of them) won from selfishness and given in service to the unfortunate. First, a husband and father, who has no belief in God, is led, in the painful sickness of his little boy, to cry out at last: "O, Force! O, Power! O, Law! O, Will!—O, God! spare my child." The child recovers, and, though before the man would have none of what he regarded as the Christmas nonsense, soon there hung from the mantel the stockings of the little ones, and they, with others, celebrate the Christmas time. We follow this life through years of Christ-like service, linked with other lives, influenced by it, and feel, as the story culminates in a beautiful climax, of the romance threading it that Mrs. Spofford has sent forth one of the most inspiring stories of the year. Betty, it seems, didn't need the remark which one of the characters made to her, but it may be of encouragement to some one else, and so we quote it: "Betty, child," says I, "I doubt but you'll come out all right in the end. There's some folk can mount high enough to see clear and love the Lord himself; and if you're not one of them, you may come to some good by loving him in Miss Frances." [F. H. Revell Co., Chicago.]

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 11. December 13, 1903.

The Dedication of the Temple. 1 Kings viii: 1-11; 62-63.

While modern research has enabled us to fairly reproduce the great structure which Solomon built, we must pass all reference to the details here, simply directing students to the articles in recent Bible dictionaries, which are well illustrated and can be taken to the class, if it is desired to convey any idea of the temple to the members. We may consider some of the religious features of the dedication and the general result of this building of the temple.

The preparation for this structure was carried out in accord with what David had in mind, only Solomon had far greater advantages than his father to make the preparations complete. All the policy of his reign, both external, by foreign alliances, and internal, by the welding of the tribes into a monarchical unity, aided the great undertakng. Especially was this seen in his alliance with Hiram, the Tyrian king. The Jews had very little knowledge of those arts necessary to the construction of palaces and temples, and naturally the surrounding nations furnished ideals, workers, and even materials for these buildings. Much discussion has centered about the style of architecture used in the temple, and almost every country from Babylon to Greece, and south to Egypt has furnished so-called models and patterns of style. On the whole, present scholarship favors Phoenician art for the largest contribution, and in this may be found the influence of Hiram. The timber was cut by his hewers in the mountains of Lebanon, and sent by "floats" over the sea to Joppa, and thence conveyed to Jerusalem. Hiram also furnished the metal worker, a semi-Israelite, whose mother was of the daughters of Dan, but his father a man of Tyre, "skillful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone" (2 Chron. ii: 14). What a state of expectancy the nation must have developed during the first eleven years of Solomon's reign. How the entire people must have rejoiced as the structure came to its completion; its parts so skillfully wrought before hand that no work was needed save uniting them and making them firm. About a year more was permitted to elapse before the dedication, and all Israel had opportunity to assemble for the great event. The feast of tabernacles was a most appropriate time for the event, the time of thanksgiving for the agricultural products of the year. Seven days the people celebrated the feast, dwelling in booths or tents erected in Jerusalem. Suitable for such an extraordinary event, great care had been exercised that the program should be in keeping and that it should be carried out successfully. Immense numbers of flocks had been brought for the sacrifices, a magnificent chorus had been trained for the singing, an orchestra drilled for accompaniment. A platform of shining brass had been erected near the great altar in the court for King Solomon, who was the central figure as well as the inspirer of this memorable occasion. We may follow the principal events as they occurred on the great day of the dedication. A procession started from the high place at Gibeon, where Solomon had seen his dream and made his wise choice, bearing that ancient relic, the Tabernacle of the congregation, or tent of meeting, so sacred on account of its relations to the wilderness journeys and the great legislator of Israel. The holy vessels (Chron. v: 5) were in charge of priests and Levites, including the brazen altar, the golden candlestick, the table for the shewbread and the brazen serpent. This represented the old regime, which, however well it had served its purpose must henceforth give place to the new and better. Another concourse of people had assembled on Mt. Zion, where David had erected the temporary tent in which he had deposited the Ark of the Covenant. The Levites ordinarily carried this sacred chest, but for this occasion the honor was given to the priests, as they only could enter the holy place, where the Ark was henceforth to rest. This procession joined the first in its near approach to the temple, when the initial act of the day was performed in the offering of sacrifices by Solomon, as his father had done when the Ark was brought from the house of Obed Edom (v. 3-5.) The significance of the ceremony connected with the Ark must not be overlooked (6-9.) It was the one permanent link binding the past to the future, the

old to the new. That covenant, of which the Ark was the symbol, was the unbroken bow of promise springing from Abraham—shall we say Noah?—arching over the centuries, culminating in and renewed by the Messiah, and so extending even to us and our children. Meaning so much to Israel, special care was taken to fitly celebrate the moment of the Ark being placed in the holy of holies, for the chorus accompanied by the orchestra burst into a psalm of thanksgiving, in which the entire populace joined as the praise of Jehovah ascended in the words "For he is good; for his loving kindness endureth forever." Then if ever was it most appropriate that the glory which shone in the tent of meeting to ancient Israel, should once again manifest itself to the united nation. The sacred presence of God which was to be felt in the entire world was an invisible but veritable force, now clothed itself in a cloud, filling the inclosure, so that the priests could no longer stand at their places to minister the sacred rites. It was upon the passing of this manifestation that the program was resumed. Solomon uttering the two sentences (v. 12-13). The reference in the first undoubtedly is to the most holy place, which had no means of letting in the light. The next event was an address to the people, prefaced by a blessing (14-21.) In this he reviews the past briefly with a view to showing the divine fidelity to his promise and covenant. The dedicatory prayer following, consists of an introduction (23-26) and seven petitions for God's perpetual presence (27-30), for righteous judgment in case of an oath, which was anciently a calling on God to witness to the right (31-32), for restoration from exile (33-34), for rain (35-36), for forgiveness of various sins (37-40), for the strangers petition (41-43), for deliverance in case of captivity (44-53). The conclusion is a mixture of blessing, petition and exhortation to the people (54-61). During the remainder of the seven days there were continual sacrifices and ceremonies of various kinds (62-66), followed by a week of rejoicing and feasting (65). We may now consider the general result of this occasion.

1. This was the first influential protest against the idolatry of the world.

Temples costly, beautiful and immense, had been reared to the multitude of deities in Greece, Babylon and Egypt. False gods and false religion abounded to the corruption of men and nations. The monotheism of the Jews had never exerted much influence as it was confined to the nation, heretofore but a loosely connected set of tribes. The temple of Jerusalem stood for the worship of Jehovah, whose first command was against the supposition of any other god or gods, whose second was against any material representation of himself. From the erection of this temple until the destruction of Herod's famous work, this influence made itself felt, through kings, priests, prophets, worshippers in the national life, in the dispersion during the exile, in the Maccabeean period. Gradually the spiritual idea of God permeated the nations, centering in the Jews, and always around the temple, preparing the way for the highest revelation concerning God in the words of Jesus. (2) It emphasized the idea that there could be a real bond between God and man. It is doubtful whether heathenism could ever establish a relationship between the worshipper and the deity worshipped. The polytheistic idea is against such a possibility, and the materialistic expression of religion through images is equally so. The only possible relationship between God and man is spiritual, and that temple which was said to contain the great God, yet proclaimed his invisibility, spirituality and righteousness, stood as a symbol of the spiritual and righteous in man's soul. All the service of ritual or sacrifice, aimed to bring the soul in contact with God whose spiritual presence was taken for granted. This was a great step toward the Fatherhood of God, and the sonship of man revealed finally in Jesus.

3. It was a perpetual witness as to sin.

The character of the God who was said to have fixed his abode in the most holy place, the sacrificial system that grew up in view of the felt need of forgiveness of sin, the righteous law whose mandates were the basis of Jewish religion, and the outstanding thought of Jehovah's forgiveness of the penitent sinner, all witnessed against sin as the great curse of man and the separator between him and God. It is significant to study Solomon's dedicatory prayer with the thought of forgiveness uppermost.

4. It fostered the idea of the divine imminence.

However far through the stretches of space man was inclined to locate his heaven and in that his god, here was the symbol of God's actual presence on the earth. That thought did not then have as great influence on men as it does today, it could not because ideas of God were still very crude. But it was a start in the right direction. The world has always suffered when it thought to remove God from itself, even when his true character was given to God. The English Deism of last century testifies to this unquestioned fact. The world never has and never can progress along its highest plane when it fails to take God into account with its every day life. We have not even yet come into full consciousness of this superlative fact of God's imminence. Men would not live as they do were the true character of God a living presence in the world. Nor will this enter into man's career, till there is a consciousness in every man that this great and holy being is in each of us, and life in its reality is but letting him shine forth, speak forth, work forth, from our thoughts, words, deeds.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

December 13, 1903.

Topic: An Anti-Worry Meeting. John xiv: 1-31.

Worry is a condition of undue solicitude, a state of disturbance from care and anxiety, vexation, disquietude and uneasiness, and being such, carries with it all the unrest and fear incident to these states. Worry is a great foe to inward peace; it eats like a canker into the soul, re-acts on the nervous system, and begets both mental and physical weakness. If long-continued, it will wreck the stoutest body and destroy the strongest mind. It should therefore be sternly grappled with and surely overcome. Yet, who does not know how hard it is to refrain from worrying. We cannot escape from care. It is a part of the burden of life. It is also a large part of our wholesome discipline, but who does not know that the moment care settles down upon us, worry has a tendency to nestle heavily upon its back. Life is full of vexations and distractions, difficulties and disappointments, and all these breed worry. The Christian has as much care and trial as others in this world, and besides these, the concern of the King-

dom of God, and so has the same anxieties to worry him as others, and many besides. Yet, worry is a foe to the mind and to the body, and needs to be combatted and conquered. An Anti-Worry meeting is, therefore, always timely.

* * *

The fourteenth chapter of John, with its sweet words of quietude and trust, is the best medicine for worry in all the Bible. "Let not your heart be troubled." The Master was speaking to the disciples in the upper room. They were sore troubled over the prospects of his early leaving them and the possible failure of the new Kingdom he had come to establish. Who shall say that they were not worrying. The Lord Jesus led an Anti-Worry meeting that very hour, and "Let not your heart be troubled," was his subject.

There are many recipes for worry in the world. There is that of the Stoic. Steel yourself against it. Meet care with a brave heart. Trouble is the common lot,—a part of the common burden of the race; it comes to all, therefore endure it. Keep a resolute spirit and a stout mind, and, if need be, die fighting. Then there is that of the fatalist:—Whatever must be will be; all things are determined by an inexorable law. Trouble is so decreed; anxiety, vexation, the difficulties of life, its failures and disappointments, are all apart of the determinations of fate.

Therefore, do not worry. Say with the Mohammedan, "Kismet." It is my fate; it is my fate; and in calm surrender to the inevitable, find a surcease from the frets of life.

The Pantheist of India eases his troubled spirit by a dream of Nirvana and the time when he will sink as a drop into the vast ocean of being and be at rest, absorbed in the bosom of the Infinity. These are some of them, and the last and lowest is the stiletto of the suicide, with the defiance of God's law and its utter despair.

* * *

The only sure cure for worry is that of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and is found in trusting and resting in him and in God. The gospel offers the only satisfactory explanation of the things that lead to worry. It teaches that care is a kindly burden—it is for our discipline and culture:

> A sacred burden is the life ye bear.
> Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
> Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
> Fail not for sorrow; falter not for sin;
> But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

The Bible teaches us that our trials, difficulties and disappointments are not enemies, but friends in disguise, and that they are often the best things that come to us in life. We should not, therefore, worry over them, but take them as good medicine for sick souls. "No chastisement for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby." The Bible tells us how to ease the burden of care and dull the harrowing edge of trial and disappointment. We are to cast all our care upon him, for he careth for us.

In his concluding essay on the prophecy of Micah, in the Book of the Twelve Prophets, George Adam Smith tells us that the greatest saying of the Old Testament is: "He has shown thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." And that there is only one other in the New which exceeds it:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." In both of these we find a Bible cure for worry. We should do our duty and leave results with God: "Do our best and leave the rest." The most of our worries come from want of trust. We are prone to borrow trouble. Half the mountains of the night level with the morning light. The anticipated trouble as often never comes.

There is reason and faith both in the line of the hymn which bids us "Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not." The master in this beautiful chapter gives his own cure: "Ye believe in God; believe also in me: In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, and I will receive you into myself that where I am ye may be also." Why should we worry? Our Father is at the helm. "God's in His heaven. All's right with the world." Then we believe in Christ. In him is rest, and peace, and calm. There is much to be gained in cultivating a quiet spirit;—in taking time to be quiet."

Dr. Work has written a very sweet and helpful booklet from the words "Study to be quiet." There is a deep philosophy in it. There is a serenity in spiritual repose that extracts the bitterness from care in a moment. Much of our worry comes over emphasis of self, from ambition, and from inordinate desire. Our wants are the parents of many worries. If we desired less and longed for fewer unpossessed goods, we would have much less to worry over.

Church News.

California.

Whittier.—Property on College Street and Bright Avenue, valued at $3,000, has been purchased for a parsonage.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—This church has purchased from the First Church of San Diego a vocalion valued at $1,000.

Sebastopol.—The church at this place cleared about $350 from their bazaar, which was held five evenings. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Cross, exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Snider, of Cloverdale, the 22d of November.

South Berkeley.—Arrangements have been made for holding a Sunday-evening service once a month in Lorin Hall, with the intent of getting men to attend who do not now attend church service. It will be under the direction of the men of the church.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The pastor of the Bethlehem Church is preaching to full houses every Sunday evening. The San Francisco Association will meet with this church December 10th. In the evening of the 11th, Rev. W. J. Speers will give an illustrated lecture on "California."

San Francisco, Fourth.—Rev. W. J. Speer's illustrated lecture on "California" created great enthusiasm and was intensely enjoyed by the children as well as their elders. Mr. Speers will lecture on other

subjects in the coming months, and all are eagerly looking forward to the next "treat."

Oakland, Fourth.—This church rejoices in the leadership and efficient work in every way of its new pastor, the Rev. F. H. Maar. One of the ways in which the pastor has led this people is in the purchase of a beautiful organ. Seeing the need, Mr. Maar suggested it, and the congregation responded heartily. Minister and congregation are moving hand in hand here, and success always follows such effort.

Ceres, Pilgrim of Smyrna Park.—Thanksgiving Day was happily observed by the New Pilgrims as one family, with dinner at the chapel. Long tables were spread with fruits and vegetables, turkeys and pumpkin pies in bountiful supply for a hundred people. And, with proclamation and sermon, music and recitations by the young people and children, the day was spent in the way recommended by President and Governor; and it will be a day of pleasant remembrance for all who were there.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. E. D. Haven, of San Jose, who had been ill for a long time, died last Sunday night. We shall have special mention of him next week.

The Rev. M. J. Luark has been in the city for the last ten days, receiving medical attention for a cancerous growth near one of his eyes. There is improvement again.

The editor of "The Pacific" is planning to start next Monday evening for Indiana and to spend the holidays with his relatives at his old home place, Angola, in that State. He will be accompanied by his wife and twelve year old boy.

A few months ago the Rev. Alfred Bayley resigned from the pastorate of the Fourth Church of Oakland. Last week a divorce was granted to Mrs. Bayley on the ground of desertion. Mr. Bayley is at present in the mining regions of Northern California.

The F. H. Revell Company of Chicago publish a large amount of excellent religious literature. We have noticed in our columns of late several very valuable books sent forth by this house, which would make first-class Christmas gifts. All of their publications may be had of L. H. Cary, at 23 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

Two weeks ago we mentioned as an admirable aid to individual and family devotions a little book by Professor Buckham, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, entitled: "Whence Cometh Help?" The price of the book is 30 cents. It is published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston and Chicago. But it can be ordered through the New Book Store at 23 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

The report of the Rev. E. J. Singer, superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, for the year ending in October, has been issued in handsome form from the printing office of the Publishing Company of the Pacific. This report shows much good work done during the year. It ought to inspire the churches and Sunday-schools to better giving for such work.

The series of sermons given recently by the Rev. Charles R. Brown on "The Student's Problems" have been published in a neat little book of seventy-eight pages. Parents will find this a good book to place in the hands of their children who are of high school and college age. The topics are: The Choicest of the First Year; The Matter of Athletics; The Fraternity Question; The Religion of a College Man; The Selection of a Life Work. The book may be had at San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley book stores for twenty-five cents.

The University of Chicago, under the title, "The Oriental Exploration Fund," will conduct excavations during the next ten years in Babylonia, with Prof Robert Francis Harper as director, and in Egypt, with Associate Prof. James H. Breasted as director. It also plans to explore and to excavate in Syria. The firman for the work in Babylon has already been granted, and work will be started at once. On account of the great interest at present in Oriental studies, "The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal," will devote more space in the future to a presentation of the latest results of explorations and excavations, and will undertake to furnish its readers with information on these topics.

The Calaveras "Prospect" of recent date says: "The pastor of the Murphys Church, Rev. Luther Spears, and his family, are nicely located in the parsonage and will prove a valuable accession to our town. The parson is a genial man, and is blessed with an excellent helpmeet and pleasant children. The church has an earnest, efficient and spiritually minded man in the person of the pastor. The same is true of his wife. Both have taken hold of the work with zeal and are actively engaged in the work of building up the church spiritually and numerically. There have been two baptisms since their arrival; two persons have risen for prayers at evening service. Sermons on special subjects have been preached, including the temperance sermon of last Sunday evening."

A TRIBUTE TO A DEPARTED CHRISTIAN.

Los Angeles, Nov. 17, 1903.

To-day, there is another new-made grave in Rosedale. We have just laid our beloved J. B. Hanson to rest. As I watched them lower the casket, it did not seem sad, for I remembered his long, useful life and his joyous home-going.

It all seemed so quiet and peaceful. The rays of the setting sun touched the distant mountain peaks with a halo of glory, crimson and gold mingling with the purple, giving a glimpse of the pearly gates, which had opened wide to receive this devoted, loyal servant of Christ. The air was fragrant with the perfume of violets, roses and carnations, the gifts of loving friends.

As Dr. Day made the closing prayer, invoking blessings upon the sorrowing wife who had been such a comfort to him in his declining years, the birds sent forth a volume of song. It was just such an hour as our dear friend would have chosen for the last "Good Night."

It seemed fitting that the funeral services of Mr. Hanson should have been the first held in our new church home. For many years, he has been an active member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Through sunshine and through storm he has

been devoted to its interests, ever ready to help in every possible way.

Then, he was the oldest member in our church, eighty-two years old; born September 5th, 1821. Young in heart, and until the last week of his life, comparatively vigorous, he was rarely absent from the Sabbath services or the wid-week prayer meeting. We shall miss him. His presence was a benediction. We shall miss his fervent, earnest prayers. They were like fountains of living water, refreshing and cheering with their joyous, exultant trust. The secret of his good cheer was his implicit, abiding, unquestioning faith in God.

Left an orphan at an early age, forced to earn his own living, he did not forget his mother's prayers and her parting injunction, "Seek first the kingdom of God."

When he was sixteen, he gave his heart to the dear Christ in a perpetual covenant. For sixty-seven years he has been holding on to the Cross with one hand and grasping the hand of the Infinite with the other, trusting, praying, working, making it "his business" to witness for Christ always, and everywhere.

God did not send the chariot, as he did for Elijah, but he sent a clear vision of the land beyond. His last words to me were, "I am on the very verge of the River, but, just across stands the dear Christ, the Conqueror of death and the grave, to welcome me." And then, as he bade me good bye, holding my hand in his, he commended me to the loving care of the Triune God, whom he had so faithfully served for more than half a century.

It was a touching prayer, simple and earnest, coming from the very depths of his soul.

Yes, we shall miss him, but our loss is his gain. The soldier of many battles has gone to his reward. No more conflicts, no more weary marches, no more hardships. Instead, the crown of victory, immortal youth, and life eternal.

Frances E. Bennett.

THE PERIL OF RICHES.

This age is perilously rich. In the Scriptural sense the condemnation comes upon all, for those who do not trust in riches as compared with the multitudes falling over each other for the filthy lucre are the exceptions. God is left out of the question of getting gain. Capital is combined on the one side and labor with a view of evening up is united on the other. Material progress is brought to a standstill, while capital makes awry face and levels its anathema at unionism. Unionism replies with a volley of hate and vituperation, hazarding the lives of those who essay to turn the wheels of capital, supplanting unionism. Millions of dollars in the principal cities of the United States are tied up by contractors and builders through unionism clashing with capital. This is a menace to the cities' progress, but when war between labor and capital shall extend into the rural districts, putting a stop to the plow and staying the wheels of the farm life, then poverty lean and gaunt will stalk the land in the midst of plenty. For the products of the soil, together with the mining and manufacturing interests are the measure of prosperity of the country.

Close down the farm enterprise and starvation haunting and despairing stares the country in the face. To this we will inevitably come if there be not an amicable adjustment of these differences.

The need of the hour is common sense, applied in politics, industry and religion. Its failure in the one brings partisanship, in another cheat and swindle and in the other hypocrisy. To advertise business done on the Golden Rule, and deny the prosperity of such enterprise to the calls of New Testament demands is to live in open hypocrisy. The Golden Rule would be amusing if it were not serious, when funds won at the races or over the gambling table be applied as charities. Also profoundly serious are such acts of charity preceding the advance in the price of oil. The spiritual mercury ranging about and below zero clearly indicates the temperature of such religion. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." The condition on entering is equally binding upon those who remain in the kingdom. There is Christian philosophy in the needs of the entire race as to its physical, mental and moral condition being everywhere made known with the urgent call for brain, heart and money to supply the want. He may be able to do it, but it is difficult to reconcile a man's life with his profession who makes his millions annually and gives not to the betterment of the world's condition, yet professes to be a devout follower of Him who had "not where to lay his head" in order that he might feed the multitude and give to a perishing world the message of life and hope. In this day of universal need the fact in the life of any man proposing to be good who lives in selfish, needless indulgence, likewising himself good thing and his neighbor evil things, is irreconcilable. Some day, unless the New Testament be false, those who spend their money in wantonness and sin will lift up their eyes in the flames of perdition. A man may make his money, but God demands according to the measure of prosperity it shall be devoted to the cause of Christian benevolence, and he who fails here outrages common sense and religion, and hardens his heart like the very dollars into whic h he has buried his life. Sudden, swift and terrible will be the judgment of the Lord upon such, when at a time he thinks not from the open heavens God will say "thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose will these things to which thou hast provided?"—Pacific Methodist Advocate.

The Panama Canal.

From a theoretical standpoint some have condemned the policy of President Roosevelt in hastily acknowledging the independence of Panama. Colombia has been perfidious from the beginning. She has simply used Panama in the most tyrannous manner. When the test of history has been applied to this secession of Panama from Colombia it will be found that no more justifiable struggle for independence has ever been waged. Colombia has been acting in the capacity of a robber all these years. She is almost a foreign country to Panama. Panama was the rightful beneficiary of this isthmian canal project, but from the day that Secretary Hay began the negotiations avariciousness has characterized Colombia. Panama would have achieved her independence in 1885 had not the United States permitted the landing by sea of a vast horde of merciless Colombian soldiers. We are glad that President Roosevelt has had the sagacity and sense of righteousness to change that policy and save Panama from a repetition of the butcheries and spoliation of that country. It is reasonable to suppose that if he had allowed the Colombian troups to land that the destruction of Colon in 1885 would not compare with the vengeance pent up to be poured out by these exasperated Colombians upon the residents of Panama. While we regret the seeming precedent, yet we are bound by the facts in the case to justify the President.—Cal. Christian Advocate.

When I Was a Boy.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle-bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at "hide-and-seek"
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call,
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I d like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field.

A Military School.

In the West-End of London there is a great building called the Duke of York's Military School; and here the passers-by may peep through the railings and see hundreds of boys, in red coats, not very old and not very big, playing about or being drilled in the court-yard. These are the Duke of York's boys, as they are called. Most of them are the sons of soldiers who have lost their lives while fighting their country's battles. The son of many a hero, whose name can be read in history, and whose brave deeds live in the memory of his comrades, finds a home at this great school. These orphan lads are very proud of being the sons of soldiers; and they look forward eagerly to the day when they, too, may serve their country with brave and faithful hearts.

The Duke of York's boys are taught everything that will help them to be good soldiers.

Of course, they have to go to school, to learn to read and write and do arithmetic, like other boys of their age; but they do not spend such a long time in school over books and slates, and for many hours every day they are out in the court-yard, getting health and strength by their drill exercises.

The boys have a real band of their own, and buglers, drummers and fifers, who march at the head of the regiment and play splendid tunes. It is a grand thing to be a bugler. He has a beautiful brass instrument which he carries across his shoulders, fastened to a green cord and tassel. When all the boys are being drilled together, one of them stands by the side of the colonel; and, when the officer gives a command, the bugler blows certain notes on his bugle which can be heard by every one, and which every one understands. Supposing, for instance, the boys were taking part in a sham fight, and the officer wanted them to charge the enemy. He would speak to the bugler; and then, in a moment, would come ringing bugle notes, which all the boys would know to mean "Charge!" On Sundays, when the boys are all assembled in the great court-yard to be inspected by their officers before going to church, it is a fine sight to see them all marching up in their best uniforms. At the head of the band walks the drum-major. He is a little fellow, with chubby cheeks; but he wears a grand uniform and carries a tall stick twice as long as himself, called a "baton." He steps out proudly, beating time with this stick with magnificent flourishes. I do not suppose the Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey is so full of pride as this little drum-major of the Duke of York's. — Cassell's Little Folks.

A Boy's Influence.

"I wonder why Samuel Darrow is so much loved," said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows.

"I know," piped a little voice, "it's 'cause Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know Sam loves everybody?"

"'Cause I sees he does. Now, there's little Jim Blake, his father drinks, and sometimes Jim don't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with little Jim always. And when the boys made fun of Jim Short because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget in a hurry."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you'd seen Sam's look you'd understand. It was just as if he'd said: 'Now, ain't you ashamed of yourselves—making fun of a poor little fellow, who wears the best he's got?"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir, it makes 'em ashamed, and they like Sam all the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all he does, but he's forever doin' something for somebody. That day tiny Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms, and Dick just loves Sam. When Burt Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick you'd ought to 've seen the nice things Sam took him."

"But what has Sam Darrow done for you?"

The little fellow's face flushed, then he said in a low voice, looking up deprecatingly: "You wouldn't think I came near being a thief and a liar once, but it's so. I found something I wanted, but no one knew but Sam. 'I'm going to keep it,' I told him; 'they won't know who's got it. Sam gave me that look, then he said, 'But you will know, and so will God.' So I took it back to the owner."—Mrs. W. S. Farley.—Texas Christian Advocate.

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Choosing the Better Part.

J. Graham Phelps Stokes is the son and grandson of a New York millionaire. He is rich beyond the dream of avarice.

More than that.

Mr. Stokes is wise.

He is wise beyond his family, which is wealthy and aristocratic. Mr. Stokes has learned that money is not wealth.

Young Stokes left a luxuriantly furnished home and went to live in a small, simply furnished room in the heart of the overcrowded East Side in order with his money and knowledge to aid and uplift the poor whose poverty and environment have made existence a constant struggle against misfortune.

Young Stokes, mind you, is no anaemic, hollow-chested, sad-visaged sort of person. He is a man. He is thirty years of age, six feet four in height and built like an athlete. He works ten to eight hours a day and thrives on it.

And this is what he says about his chosen work:

"Some of my friends tell me that I have

left behind all fun, all pleasure. Even if that were true, I would reply that fun is not the main purpose of life. But it is not true.

"This is the most interesting life I have ever led. It is deep, whole-souled enjoyment from beginning to end."

There's the old, old paradox.

"He that loseth his life shall find it."

Forever and forever do the votaries of pleasure return empty-handed from the quest of happiness. Forever is the self-centered life doomed to disappointment. Forever is it true that happiness comes only through self-renunciation and service.

All the world knows that is true, but only once in a while is there a Stokes who acts like he believed it.

Beside wealth of brain and heart money is trash.

Young Stokes has chosen the better part.—Selected.

Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear.

He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in him "a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. "Perfect love" having now "cast out fear," he "rejoiceth evermore." He "rejoices in the Lord always," even "in God his Savior"; and in the Father, "through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he hath now received the atonement." "Having" found "redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of his sins," he cannot but rejoice whenever he looks back on the horrible pit out of which he is delivered; when he sees "all his transgressions blotted out as a cloud, and his iniquities as a thick cloud." He cannot but rejoice whenever he looks on the state wherein he now is; "being justified freely, and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." For "he that believeth hath the witness" of this "in himself"; being now the son of God by faith. "Because he is a son, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father!" And "the Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God." He rejoiceth, also, whenever he looks forward, "in hope of the glory that shall be revealed"; yea, this his joy is full, and all his bones cry out, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me again to a living hope—of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for me!"—John Wesley.

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Doing What You Would Not.

Quite a young girl one day exclaimed, "I love to make myself do what I don't want to do." In that seeming paradox there is a world of wisdom. There are many duties that we have to perform that are distasteful. We can sulk when we do them, and groan because they are so unpleasant; or we can do as that young girl did, loving to make ourselves go through with them, and so get some real good and enjoyment out of them. It would be vastly better if we all loved to make ourselves take up the tasks that we are inclined to shirk. Of that girl, now a young woman, people frequently say, "Isn't she a splendid young lady?" Her fine character is due largely to resolutely going at the things needing to be done from which she naturally shrank, and doing them with a song instead of a sigh.—Wellspring.

Receiving the Holy Spirit.

There remains one condition for receiving the Holy Ghost, namely: Trust that, for Christ's sake, the heavenly guest comes in. "Without faith it is impossible to please God; and he that cometh to God must believe that he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." Suppose that the disciples, while waiting for the promise of the Father, had doubted its fulfillment! There would have been the strange spectacle of men and women praying and supplicating for the gift of a blessing plainly and repeatedly promised, and yet failing to believe that Christ would keep his promise! No; it was their faith that produced their concord, and fervency, and patience, and at length secured the baptism of fire. The same necessity for the Holy Ghost is upon us as was upon them; the promise is unto us also. Has God given us to realize all this? If so, do we now make choice of Christ as our king, and trust him to send the Holy Ghost upon us? If so, the promise will be fulfilled not many days hence. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly."—Dr. C. A. Van Anda.

Your Atmosphere.

The only responsibility that a man can not evade in this life is the one he thinks of least—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—William George Jordan.

Doing Good.

Mrs. C. W. B. Barker.

Ye proud and favored ones of earth—
  Apart from all its grind and moil—
Ye workers, hardy, bold and free,
  Staunch tillers of the soil,
Who see the true design of life,
  Perchance beyond its earnest toil.
Ye brave and honest artisans,
  Who bow with ardent zeal
Before the shrine of Industry,
  To seek your future weal—
Ye band of eager strugglers
  For the laurel wreath of fame,
Burning long the "midnight oil,"
  To win a fadeless name.
And ye utilitarians,
  Who mammoth missions crave;
Who bring the mountain to our feet,
  And span the ocean wave—
Have ye no glittering meed for him,
  The chosen one of earth,
Who bringeth to his Savior's cause,
  Treasures of a mind's rich worth?
Who, heaven-inspired, from his store
  Casts gems of fair truth down—
Gathered again by angel hands,
  To gild a future crown!
Go! listen to his thrilling words,
  Offspring of the fevered thought—
Fresh from the heart's pure fount—
With eloquence impassioned wrought,
And own life hath no higher claim,
  No nobler mission to fulfill,
Than his, who lifts a beacon light
  To win a world from strife and ill.
With consecrated gift prepared
  Instant for "the faith" to stand;
With all the heavenly armor on
  Of Truth's aggressive band!
Firm, heart-warm, eager to obey—
  Upheld by promised hand—
Down to life's latest, full-fraught day,
  The Master's last command.

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother, and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and, hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "What's the matter, pop; is she after you, too?"

We Know What

Is going to happen to the little boy who is stuffing himself with green apples. A grown man couldn't be induced to try that experiment; and yet the grown man will overload himself with indigestible food for which he will pay a greater penalty than colic. It is this careless and thoughtless eating which is the beginning of stomach trouble and all its painful consequences.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other forms of "stomach trouble." It restores the weak and run-down man or woman to sound health.

"Some time has elapsed since I have written you in regard to the treatment I have been taking under your instructions," says Mr. E. F. Cingmars, of Minneapolis, Minn. "When first I commenced taking your remedies I was under treatment of a well-known specialist in this city (and had been for four months), for catarrh, and especially stomach trouble, and I was rapidly getting worse. Got so bad that I could not eat anything that did not distress me terribly, and I was obliged to quit taking the doctor's treatment entirely. I was greatly reduced in flesh. As a last resort I wrote to you and stated my case, and, after receiving your instructions I followed them closely. After taking five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I commenced to improve, and decided to continue the medicines and observe your instructions regarding hygienic treatment. It is now nearly six months since I commenced your treatment and I can say that I am well and never felt better in my life. Am very grateful to you for what your medicine has done for me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

Written in the Heart.

And while he thus always exercises his love to God, by praying without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, this commandment is written in his heart, "That he who loveth God, love his brother also." And he accordingly loves his neighbor as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. His heart is full of love to all mankind, to every child of "the Father of the spirits of all flesh." That a man is not personally known to him is no bar to his love; no, nor that he is known to be such as he approves not, that he repays hatred for his good will. For he "loves his enemies"; yea, and the enemies of God, "the evil and the unthankful." And if it be not in his power to "do good to them that hate him," yet he ceases not to pray for them, though they continue to spurn his love, and still "despitefully use him and persecute him." —The Character of a Methodist, John Wesley.

The Thanksgiving of Life.

The day of national thanksgiving is well placed in the autumn when the fruits are gathered in. After that the year goes quietly away to rest, wrapped in its mantle of white purity. It is cold outwardly, to be sure, but earth is nursing in her heart the strange and beautiful children that will bless the new life of the new year.

And life, too, passes on till it comes to the end of autumn, and, as it is right and natural, life has its fruit at this time; and if it has reaped well, it surely ought to have its thanksgiving season.

You who are at the harvest-time of life, what sort of fruit are you gathering? Have you full, rich sheaves of deeds done, not for your own glory, but "in His name" to carry to the Master? Or, if every plan and ambition of your life, even the work you planned for Christ, has failed, have you that yet richer fruitage which is gathered only out of fields sown with tears? Whatever your harvest is, it is as the sowing was. If you sowed for Christ from the heart in the springtime, if you worked for him through the summer season, you have now fruit laid up in the storehouse above.

Then, take a little time out of these busy days, and thank God for your harvest. In the very thanksgiving you will find strength to go on and do greater things. John Newton says: "I am not what I was; I am not what I would be; I am not what I should be; I am not what I shall be, but by the grace of God I am what I am." This is the spirit of the thanksgiving of life. Give thanks to God that he has brought you thus far with blessing. Look with confident trust to a yet greater harvest, for the seed you have gathered shall be sown again and again, long after you have thanked God face to face, and only eternity can tell what your harvest shall finally be. And 'tis for the young in the springtime, with the harvest yet in the distance, let us teach, by loving word and deed, to sow well, to sow carefully and faithfully, and also to sow much. When we bring the sheaves into the Master's presence we shall never regret the

"Long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease."

No one will ever regret having done much. God may have given you a very small field in which to sow. It is God's will that you cultivate that faithfully, and not leave it to try to take your neighbor's larger field. Remember, if you leave your little spot of earth unplanted to love and purity, it will grow up to vile weeds, and no other man can ever do the work you neglected. Sow in your own field, my brother, and it will bring forth the "hundredfold." So shall you enter into the everlasting life with songs of thanksgiving. —Christian Standard.

Race Prejudice.

"Shall we encourage among us the agitation which would discriminate between men and women because of their color or because of their religion? Shall we lift our voice to widen the gulf that separates the classes among us? If we do, we are not followers of Jesus, who invited all to come unto Him and find rest. If we do, we shall not have the spirit of Paul, who 'knew no man after the flesh,' and who preached that Christ was making of all races and nations one, so that the time would come when there would be 'neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian Scythian, bond or free,' but all one in Christ. The church's mission is to bring that about. The church must present an example of that society to the world, a brotherhood of man, because God is Father of all men and has been eternally their Father.

"Let the centurion's experience bid us halt and come to Jesus, as he came, with a sense of need, of humility and confidence. Let souls stand in the presence of Jesus. Let thought work. Let imagination also work, and it will be seen that here is all of God man needs, and, indeed, all of God that any one will be able to discover, no matter what source they may seek

"So we have caught glimpses of lovely things in this centurion of Capernaum. We have had a vision of social sympathy that leaps o'er all bounds; a vision of cosmopolitanism which causes all race lines to vanish, a vision of a great faith because of its elements of humility and simple confidence in the authoritative word of Jesus."—D. A. McMurray.

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